

51

You are my most exquisite shade of green,
your magic changing light to energy;
but not just that, you form a canopy,
the which my alabaster skin doth screen.

No tint so amorous was ever seen,
the tones of which defy all verdancy,
and form with but one hue a fantasy,
from which the mind all images may glean.

But what of me, if this is you so fair,
perhaps i'm lost within enchanted wood.

Your dryad sorcery leaves me adrift,
a wanderer who seeks a hermit's lair.

I worship, as an anchorite, he should,
and pray between ourselves there'll be no rift.

52

My love might take one thousand years to tell
as deep as oceans which do separate,
as raging storms which never do abate,
as shipwrecks lost at sea, both dread & fell.
As mystical as haunted sylvan dell,
as fixed & prearranged as mortals' fate,
as days of Titans when the world was great,
so this & more holds me within your spell.
I say my love, although in truth 'tis yours,
you have inspired & thus have ownership.
You are the object, i the subject dim,
and i set sail with dream to reach your shores.
Withal, you hold me chattel in your grip,
so thus i chant in fourteen lines your hymn.

53

Don't get me wrong, my adoration's high,
give me a mount, i'd aim to reach its peak,
give me abyss, i'd try to make it creek,
and nonetheless i'd not count thee as nigh.

Do you & i have magic in our eye,
i know how glances myriads can speak,
and too that love its populace may tweak,
i do not know if so i tell a lie.

You know the stage, you know the multitude,
i'd let you break, despite i'd won the toss.

Although of sport & like i steer well clear,
as this is war, & warlike is their brood.

And so i'm left with fourteen lines of dross,
so wonder if i'd ever get in gear.

54

Both late at night & early in the morn
i sing my song whilst lovers lie abed,
i do not warble sweet for wine or bread
but for the reason i am cast and sworn.
Unsure my love will ever know a dawn,
but clear that poets of the past have said
that love were broke were her & him to wed;
from such procedures all true love is born.
So where the fascination in this verse,
whose ineffectiveness doth advertise?
To sing as spiders spin, but with no catch,
seems requisite that i my bruises nurse.
And so the poet aims for crests and dies;
at least in iambs have you found your match?

55

I drink each night to soothe my woes in love,
i seek the Lethe & forgetfulness,
which would from me remove this world's distress,
whilst you, of course, aspire for realms above.
And so the allegory of the dove
in its pure white and pristine peacefulness,
might be disturbed if it had consciousness
the very second hawk released from glove.
Although each morn i wake & start afresh,
and with my adorations, rise from pit.
I'd intimate despite attempts i've made,
my brain possesses strength still to refresh.
I would assume that composition's fit,
although at times that i've to solvents strayed.

56

What would you take me in your blessed hand,
to oversee & guide & regulate,
so all my angst & worry dissipate,
and lead us both into the promised land.

A place where hourglass that contains the sand
stands still, & does not mark with time its fate,
where nevermore too early or too late,
and all within the instant, second, stand.

But such belongs to you and not to me,
you deity & me a mortal man.

It seems the case i drink from poisoned well,
in love i just encounter enmity.

And so i wait for death the flames to fan,
as it appears a sinner bound for hell.

57

It seems that i need reinvent the wheel,
that love has passed this generation by,
replaced by things akin, but somewhat sly,
whilst i to books of lore, i hear their peal.

Perhaps mistaken to that which i kneel,
although to write always produces high,
in realms of thought my rapture it doth fly;
with that each day emotion doth anneal.

So i have combed & searched the word of yore,
and found true love a myth of Hollywood.

The fourteen lines of sonnet, they stand true,
despite the fact the modern ear they bore.

I ask you hark, but with no stress you should,
for nonetheless these lines link me & you.

58

I've made mistakes in love and poetry,
it's as unfortunate, some were described,
perhaps as best that some were not transcribed,
but start somewhere to reach the apogee.
Fair to construe a disability,
i've tried to take the pills that are prescribed,
but also fair that little's been proscribed,
it seems such lawlessness leaves me at sea.
But you set down a well positioned law,
the which from which i cannot run nor hide.
It doth not leave for me woes or distress,
but marks a place where i may gain the shore.
A love in verse is stronger than the tide,
that which Saint King Canute could not suppress.

59

The peaks & troughs of culture i have known
might put the most experienced to shame;
but what's important, i attach no blame,
and what i've found there i do not bemoan.
I try to be content within my zone,
and find that love that does not make a claim
suits me far more than any pro or dame,
such love to blight it never can be prone.
So treat me as you would a mongrel cur,
for such may be my actu'l origin.
The people that i know, all walks of life,
i'm pretty certain that they'd all concur.
I seem a one commits more sin on sin,
were you to aid, it might produce more strife.

60

I fear to say a word that is a lie,
am thus constrained in what i write & say,
and with the more that's said each day on day,
the less the space for me to go awry.

I fear The LORD may change his mind, not i,
that from the straight and narrow i can't stray,
but through the broad how far i've run my sleigh,
so can i make amends before i die?

The final testament, what is the news?

To love one's neighbour as one loves oneself.

This is no parable, or secret crux,
it is a paradigm for us to choose.

I start at home, i learn to love myself,
then i love you, that simple is the flux.

61

I do not yearn for how it used to be,
despite the fact much better then than now,
the fault is mine, i've made mistakes, & how!
To change the past, impossibility.
I'm left with scraps & shreds of drapery,
and too, i know not whom i owe a vow.
What furrows are there left for me to plough?
Withal, i trust you know serenity.
And with that sense, you've taught me how to love,
where my petition knows of no demand.
I thirst to grant to you a peace of mind,
but you, you are a star from realms above.
I'm at your bidding, & at your command,
however ineffective is this bind.

62

Were you to show the idyll that you know,
or but a piece of your tranquility,
that just might sate the appetite in me,
and halt my vacillations to and fro.

I still know not which course my tempests blow,
they seem to have at least duality,
but from the north cold blasts leave me at sea,
i need your compass or your starlit glow.

But no, the glint i find within your eye
is like a loadstone, old & true & fair.

I'm told of cyclones, doldrums & the storms,
and may return one day both home & dry.

I might then be the wedding guest with stare
who stoppeth one in three & then performs.

63

Were i compared to thee, you seem most wise,
i stand with naught four decades into days,
with scant critique & insubstantial praise,
whilst you have won both accolade & prize.
You are the cynosure of many eyes,
i search & fail to greet you with a phrase,
each one i try consumed within your blaze,
i search for metaphor but end with cries.
But no, it's this in you that i admire,
which raises me towards your apogee.
Before i knew nadir, the lowest point,
but now by slightest measures can aspire.
Thus my intent, myself would not know me,
whereby reborn as you my life anoint.

64

To find a solace in my quietude,
a paltry aim as measured days proceed,
relying less & less on act and deed,
attempting to enjoy my solitude.

I aim with age to weaken what is crude,
and leave behind the want to brood & breed,
choose wisely words of wisdom i should heed,
and to develop what in me is shrewd.

But love is blind, and where the place for this,
in such mature & fit philosophy?

If but abstract it doth complete the whole,
when making no demands it leads to bliss.

I trust you'll pardon my proclivity,
my love for you makes plenary my soul.

65

I have been bribed with pink champagne on ice,
and true, at times, i've taken comfort there,
i will admit that once it was a snare,
and unlike song, i quit it in a trice.

At times i've paid for company, not vice,
and boy what poise and vigor, what the flair,
in days gone by i had no want or care,
and trusted them so not to load the dice.

Although it is a diff'rent game with you,
i do not wish to be the newt or goat.

I have been told Bukowski's days are past,
and if they are i wish to say adieu.

So not with lust, but love, on you i dote,
and find a taste without a claim at last.

66

To gain your sight is like a ray of gold,
it might make me descend to chivalry,
were not such relics an futility,
and passed & gone, along with knights of old.
But what the hammer, what the chain, what hold,
could fabricate our love to symmetry?
What anvil makes my psyche internee,
and in what furnace was my brain? What mold?
The answer to these complaints, and many more,
is that causality in love is nil.
My love, begotten by an wretchedness,
i state it true, i know no wheretofore.
I know of my desire, i know my will,
but why and how, that only Gods might guess.

67

I know no right you even to approach,
my self-indulgence is beyond all scope,
to reach the kingdom come, i have scant hope,
and fair to say i should myself reproach.

These concrete matters i find hard to broach,
and but descend to metaphor or trope,
when with my moral plunge i cannot cope,
the dangers into which i do encroach.

But, a poor sinner has the right to pray,
and dote on Goddesses above his sphere.

What sorcery & grace i see in thee,
might my transgressions and my sins allay.

And thus the time your star threw down its spear
did Jove & Juno smile their work to see?

68

I do not know an equanimity,
i could not grant a peace to mortal souls,
i cannot liberate & make parts wholes,
that task it lies with each exclusively.
Each one must find their God distinctively,
and itemize & catalog their goals,
each man & woman, they have diff'rent roles,
no mountebank has patent remedy.

And so, my love for you, it is unique,
it graces me when others it would damn.

You have to love yourself, & there love find,
and not just talk the talk and speak the speak.

Tread in my steps, you'll only be a sham,
serenity, it's found within your mind.

69

As time creeps by so at this petty pace,
my days and nights, marked by sound & fury,
is this a symptom, sign, of lunacy,
what impressions have i left, & what trace?
Am i possessed of slightest scrap of grace,
or is my record but insanity,
do i but know complete fatuity,
and how deranged am i, and oh how base?
But love, it is akin to senselessness,
that there along with war so all is fair.
I dread descent to reasons, rationale,
and camouflage myself in foolishness.
If flippancy would be my only care
my love for you would be my sole morale.

70

Where was my sense before my love for thee,
was i unborn or but a neonate,
my bosom, in what disarray or state,
and how chaotic my proclivity?

My eyes were blind, had not been taught to see,
my appetite for vice was never sate,
my thirst & hunger never would abate,
my ears but heard self's subjectivity.

But now my egoism is behind,
and i have learnt to love for loving's sake.

I no more wander like an predator,
and that for which i aim, it is more kind.

I thank you, in that you, my lust do slake,
and ope for me your venerated door.

71

Our eye-beams have not twisted on a thread,
our hands have not cemented with a balm,
we have not known an ecstasy or calm,
nor covenant, we have not broken bread.
On diff'rent continents we've supped & fed,
united by such verse approaching psalm,
as you alleviate & check my qualm,
so you in mystic footprints let me tread.
Read on from Genesis unto the end,
and ne'er a priest two souls in wedlock joined.
Is there a message, an significance,
that unrequited love, to God a friend?
And so my love for you is not disjoined,
despite discrepancy, our variance.

72

I wish at times that i could read your mind,
and the hypotheses which guide my pen
were tailor-made & suited to your ken,
and there your own reflection you might find.
So then by two, this verse, it might be signed,
and saving me from heartache once again,
this gift would make of me most blessèd of men,
my verse to suit you best would be designed.
Alas i don't possess telepathy,
which makes addressing you a guessing game.
Despite, i hope sometimes i hit the mark,
and make a worldly bond twixt you and me.
So thus my love for you i do declaim,
and on this journey happily embark.

73

I try to tune myself to your broadcast,
to hear your consonance or harmony,
it seems a theme that's rich in melody,
but can i hear transmission from your mast?
Unlike what's mine, your signals are steadfast,
and cast with static immobility,
perhaps you have no message meant for me,
despite i count myself enthusiast.
But might i ask you hark to my wavelength,
it is assigned to one, & one alone.
That one is you, & thus perchance the case,
it is possessed of fortitude & strength.
I ask you browse & see what there is shown,
i try to offer you what is not base.

74

If all the habits which i seem to own
could be condensed to writing verse to thee,
would you then grant a reciprocity,
whereby at last i would not be alone?
Might it be possible that i atone,
and leave behind my youthful levity,
as adulation needs an honesty,
and too maturity needs be full grown?
Although, i find i need some influence,
or to be under it, as some would say.
Love is a drug, & when you're penniless,
you mix your toxicants to get you thence.
Sane, clean & sober, i await the day,
but then the songs, they may amount to less.

75

Where's sense in unipolar love, you ask,
if not returned what is the point in it?

As novice, i'm confused, i will admit,
but in its propagation i do bask.

So to the bitter dregs i drain the flask,
discovering the contents are most fit,
and i enjoy the kick, i will admit,
and thus i find a reason to this task.

Withal, there doth purport a meaning still,
as sure all forms of love must start this way.

When two are joined then one takes precedence,
thus former part, not latter, is the skill.

And so i bide my time, & waste my day,
whilst all the while i ask no recompense.

76

I yearn to gaze upon your rustic face,
no photoshop, or pixels changing hue,
just nature gifting you that which is due,
i would assume an unaffected grace.

No lipstick, makeup, chokers made of lace,
your visage just the way God granted you,
might this unto your soul so gift a clue,
a starting point unto a sacred place?

But no, i only wish to see your eyes,
and in them grasp the secrets of your heart.

These shining orbs of yours send optic rays,
the oculus, to me, contains the prize.

Of all the elements this is my part,
and but to see an image doth amaze.

77

So has the time for idle verse flown by,
an atavistic trait that serves no plan,
a retrospective quirk without élan,
which does not clinch, however one might try?

It orbits in a long forgotten sky,
no more what it once was, the artist's van,
none care a whit if fourteen lines do scan,
the rules & laws of yore, do they apply?

I'd write love songs, but i've no music skills,
pentameter doth drain me to the core.

I pay no thought to if or not i'm chic,
i pen my iambs without any frills.

You are a hypnotist acquirer,
and me, i am an animate antique.

78

Tell, if you've seen the Devil on your way,
tell, if you know the shape of fortune's dart,
tell, if you've delved the myst'ries of the heart,
is there a test of love, or an assay?

So send a messenger 'till she is grey,
to skirt the continent, so ev'ry part,
and see if she can find an equal art.

But since Duchamp is 'Is this art?' the way?

I won't complain as to the scheme of things,
my poetry, it makes for humble fare.

I would not dare instruct what you admire,
your agent may send back a thousand rings.
Each one a lovestruck heart with equal care,
and each comparably swayed by your fire.

79

In this, love's game, i am a candidate,
and you, you have but world enough & time,
and so this coyness, lady, is no crime,
to paraphrase & change a one who's great.
For you deserve this haughty, gracious state,
each inch of you remains within its prime,
i'll wait as bells each passing hour do chime,
nor would i love at lower, lesser rate.
So even if the tide was high i'd stall,
and trust it would not count acedia.
I wish for ashes & no resting place,
no grave, no wished remembrance at my fall.
Our shared platform of social media
is fine i think, but none do there embrace.

80

Were you to judge this dialogue of one,
would your opinion change its very state,
as wave & particle do oscillate,
depending on the view, how it's begun.
This ambiguity i shouldn't shun,
this silence has served well so far with fate,
a word might rend the narrow and the straight,
no longer would you be my pensive nun.
On psychopharmaca for two decades,
i've been on welfare, seems at their caprice.
Without yourself, my inner life a void,
i've known bright lights & too i've known the shades.
A Frankenstein of love, i've said my piece,
see Vineland's Zoyd for rôle i try avoid.

81

To you i send my chaste soliloquy,
when striving high attractive things do breed,
it matters not or if they do succeed,
it doth not hurt to try for purity.
And so, could any read my destiny,
predict to where such ardent heart may lead,
are you my Syrinx, gifting me my reed,
would you transform, if i caught up with thee?
Although, i trust you note, i do not chase,
of long lost love perhaps my pipes were cast.
Were i an Orpheus i'd raise the dead,
but they are gone & i cannot embrace.
And thus, although my love for you comes last,
it builds upon a lifelong suitor's thread.

82

My heart is held by photographic art,
by what is reàl & what's illusory,
i can't reject false actuality,
suspending disbelief, i buy each part.
And thus the video doth me outsmart,
in synch, the image & the harmony,
they batter down my incredulity,
my senses may as well at once depart.
But if i wished descend into a dream,
i'd choose the one that was of all the best.
I would not care if grains of sand did creep,
i've known before all that we see or seem.
I cannot grasp, but i stay on my quest,
and may return, once more unto the deep.

83

The words i put to use, they are arcane,
outmoded, esoteric, obsolete,
combined together with iambic feet,
and over centuries such art doth wane.

There was a time pentameter did reign,
was even known to move a monarch's suite,
and authors, courtiers would wish to greet,
and poetry might answer an arraign.

But love's as modern as the here & now,
it knew no birth, & never will it die.

This form & content are a choice of style,
i name my method as i best know how.

You will excuse if this approach i try,
i trust it brings about at least a smile.

84

I can't explain the nature of my art,
i couldn't teach to pupils in a school,
despite the fact it doth adhere to rule,
the form, not content, is the lesser part.
Had i a neophyte, where would i start,
the rudiment'ry lesson, love is cruèl,
and that one need be taken for a fool,
to learn the savoir faire of human heart.
But then one learns to love in spite of this,
and words and rhymes appear like hidden springs.
From mystic penetralia of mind,
originate, derive, the chords of bliss.
So, thus, i try to illustrate these things,
and hope supernal means you too can find.

85

I have been manacled with more than steel,
the tool that breaks most men, psychology,
my love for you, my only remedy,
as they attacked my bared Achilles heel.

The psychopharmaca, they made one reel,
so making worse a scarred mentality,
and raising figments to reality,
one knew not what was fiction, what was real.

So now that sweetest liberty is mine
i will repay my debt of honor due.

I'll form from words what's more than fair mirage,
you have my guarantee, you have my sign.

I try my best to versify to you,
as would befit a Queen & entourage.

86

Of all the belles from which a man could choose
i gift to thee my verse, my soul, my heart,
i do not know if you regard my art,
but nonetheless you are my font, my muse.
I ask if qualities of you infuse
my poetry, & is there found a part,
whereby my love & soul a share impart
of what is yours, for those who do peruse.
To capture your quintessence is my aim,
if only i could see behind the mask.
Can one as me so hope to empathize,
when one's presented with eternal flame?
Is this, for me, a too ambitious task,
and even to attempt may seem unwise?

87

What in my breast was set aflame by thee,
i thought my heart, it was of love bereft,
and of emotion, nothing was there left,
i lived a dull & dark despondency?

Long had i aimed for reciprocity,
and at my triàls i thought i had been deft,
although it only was my soul which cleft,
i thought my passions knew finality.

But then arrived a blossom on a branch,
with pretty petals blowing in the wind.

I saw your beauty, more than just skin deep,
and granted you to my inscape carte blanche.

Clear, never will the two of us be twinned,
and so i grant you rhymes which you may keep.

88

Our hearts they are pure sheets of mirrored glass,
which form reflections beauteous & true,
the like of which do echo chosen few
that we've decided have selected class.

And then one does not search for greener grass,
although perhaps when from one lovers flew;
such hearts could hold but one, and never two,
but times the weight would reach a crucial mass.

And then a break, a thousand shards are seen,
so then began my seven years bad luck.

Thus, can the mirror ever be repaired,
and have i broken other's with my spleen?

Perchance, i can once more become lovestruck,
and claiming naught, it is but love that's shared.

89

My love for you, it leadeth me aright,
have you been posted for my state to guide,
despite my failings, are you at my side,
are you my angel, caring day & night?
My heart aligned, it casts a mystic light,
i almost think i could withstand the tide,
and take the course of fortune in my stride,
and make a plenitude spring forth from blight.
But no, you are a seraph, though not mine,
i would be fool to make a futile claim.
I would presume obliged, & not to me,
and thus our paths, they never will align.
But, nonetheless, i place you in the frame,
as wishing on impossibility.

90

Held you both love & justice you just might
make use of swords as Gods they did intend,
and those who make a mockery you'd rend,
so blindfolded, you'd use your ears aright.

Oh, how i wish that i could see the sight
of beauty teamed with honesty, godsend,
these female passions, so they would extend,
and petty masculinity affright.

Although such rôles could never be combined,
the one is love, the other formed from sense.

At present justice trails her plumes in dust,
and would appear to be much more than blind.

So could one place the two in present tense,
or is the metaphor of past a must.

91

You hold the orb illuminating dark,
you are the moon & stars which guide the night,
without your rays there'd be no use to sight,
what use were wood & coals without your spark?
Your beauty teaches me to reach the mark,
a map to tell me where i should alight,
a loadstone ever leading me aright,
providing paths to those who choose to hark.
Or are you diffèrent things to diffèrent men,
a liquid state marked by fluidity?
Do you so mirror what's within each soul,
is this a part of female acumen?
But what is there cures my insanity,
and makes the broken parts so form a whole.

92

You are the archetype of true success,
i fail at ev'ry hurdle which i meet,
this paradox, no versified conceit,
it seems that i know triàls, & you Gods bless.
The grounds for this antithesis, i'd guess,
i've riled Eumenides, infernal feat,
who chase from land to land, from street to street,
i may as well with death play game of chess.
Why do i fix my sights on heaven sent,
when better suits to contemplate my curse?
Or do you teach me better to behave,
when all my days before were badly spent?
I pray that it is this, and not obverse,
and that your light my darkenèd soul may save.

93

Are you akin to creatures of the sea,
whom Prufrock learnt to hear sing each to each,
although both him & Donne could never teach
them serenade with mystic harmony.

Was it some tower tall, or night's belfry,
that Pound & Eliot, beyond their reach,
were fighting over idioms of speech,
whilst singers laughed at their duality.

The Sirens, not the Mermaids, sweetly sing,
to me at least whilst i on earth sojourn.

Companionless through follies of my own,
i am not bound, but to the mast i cling.

My love, i need to hark to you who warn,
and through example may teach me atone.

94

He spoke aright who said that love is blind,
it pays no heed to circumstance or caste,
it does not hark to whom is first or last,
and any in its fire themselves may find.

It sanctifies & too it damns, this bind,
although its scope for moving souls is vast,
so never born, & never is it past;

blessèd resignation when it is unkind!

So rather happy follow folly's way,
than live a life devoid of tenderness.

And so a fool, i grant my love to thee,
it is the price of solitude i pay.

My poetry, it is our sole caress,
and so i try to form it decently.

95

Were mismatch ever made, 'twere you and i,
such paradox of opposites astounds,
we two have antithetical backgrounds,
our present states their diff'rences decry.
Life treats you well, for me it goes awry,
your harmony your hymn, my static sounds,
my self-made cage confines, you know no bounds,
such dialectics ever each defy.
But you have hewn from block of formless stone
a poetry above what i could write.
The hammer and the chisel you've applied,
deft sculptress from your art my verse has grown.
So what is here to find that is not trite,
is yours, my love, you are my only guide.

96

My life has passed, i know not where it went,
travail upon travail with naught to show,
i wait with patience for the final blow,
this time on earth to us is only lent.
When i consider how my days were spent,
i start to see the heavy debt i owe,
whilst all the while i canting wail my woe;
when can i stand alone & right repent?
Or have i grasped the distillate of life,
i pray, i minister, i love, i write.
I tilt at windmills when i rue my fate,
my pain is self-induced, i know no strife.
You are my lady luck, & my delight,
i count my blessings, though they are innate.

97

To be a beauty, need one be admired?

Is there an elegance without report?

What good is grace & poise if none do court?

Is one voluptuous if not desired?

Through charm of yours your subjects are inspired,

and with their adoration they exhort

the raising of the object and support,

'till they acclaim & praise as is required.

And so i sing my paeon unto you:

allure; refinement; glamor; artistry.

The object, not the subject, full of style,

which thus increases adorations due.

In truth you have a million just like me,

i form a fragment of your plinth & smile.

98

With praise i try to influence your mind,
but you seem rightly deaf to flattery;
do you detect in me false gallantry,
and have you met before my make & kind?
Your silence puts me in a double bind,
i've not your tongue; you pay no eulogy;
you don't condemn, is this through courtesy?
In your inscape, i know not what i'd find.
But i know not true reason that i write;
is it to trace the niches of my heart?
Through loving you am i to be reborn,
is my obsession piqued without your slight?
Do i remain a neophyte in art,
and lack of words doth indicate your scorn?

99

What were this joy you give to evanesce?

What were this warmth i feel to cool & calm?

What if your influence would change from balm?

What if your pure quintessence failed to bless?

Were i to find myself beneath duress,

and go against my favorite fifteenth psalm,

long lines of life no use upon my palm,

how'd fare my heart when those with less have less?

It is for this i scratch it in the glass,

i share this record as my policy.

I can return & reignite the glow,

what's written stays, however time may pass.

Each one a polaroid, transparency,

protected from whatever fate may throw.

100

If i could crown you with a diadem
to signify that you had won the prize,
it's diámonds could not outshine your eyes,
nor your complexion dimmed by any gem.
Such crude playthings, what use have you of them,
i count you pure & true & sage & wise,
to cherish toys, a vanity applies,
from which a pride & arrogance might stem.
Although if Zeus appointed me to judge,
The Golden Apple i would grant to you.
This might upset dominions from above,
how Hera & Athena might begrudge.
With bribe or no, to Aphrodite due,
what were this world without the powèr of love?

101

Whose metaphor that beauty's just skin-deep?

Why deem as superficialities,

a natural landscape, or a line of trees?

A sunset full of color & its sweep?

A moonlit night, the sight of which doth steep

the viewer with impossibilities?

The blue or green of rolling oceans, seas,

the sight of which into our id doth seep?

The maxim but applies to humankind,

when lust & deed & claim don't overlap.

But this is where discernment plays a rôle,

and those possessed may map the heart & mind.

Betwixt your form & soul i sense no gap,

your heart, your head, your grace, they form a whole.

102

So do i owe a debt of gratitude,
in that you have repaired a broken heart,
in that you elevate & raise my art?
You bring serenity to solitude.
Before this love my acts were crass & rude,
my obligations knew not where to start;
for me it is a blessing, Cupid's dart,
it doth refine in me that which is crude.
But my arrears with verse i might repay,
if found, a method in my mania.
I know not if i show dexterity,
that's left for you, if you choose read, to say.
I hope you like my choice of media,
the sonnet sequence has a history.

103

I take scant note of modern medicine,
i rate Hippocrates & humors four,
who brings the dietetic to the fore,
and counts the use of knife to be a sin.
The modern mountebanks do not begin
to win my faith, they have no cure in store;
'keep taking pills, keep taking more & more';
so after decades words as these wear thin.
I think i have excess of yellow bile,
i've thus choleric bent, akin to fire.
You cure above what any physic could,
you douse in that you do not deign a smile.
You stay aloof, & so you quench my ire,
had all so treated me, 'twere for the good.

104

Were i a fighting man, like some i know,
and not a lover stirred by purity
who shows in terms of you a chastity,
my sanguine weapons at your feet i'd throw.
Were there a furnace stocked with coals aglow,
inside a smithy decked with honesty,
and too i could afford the modest fee,
i'd cast my spear & sword into a hoe.
And then i'd tend a garden of delight,
with cherry blossom, lavender, & herbs.
At one, at peace, with my environment,
i might sojourn with life that's dumb & write.
My love could wax while nothing it disturbs,
each day a glorious, pure non-event.

105

I name this sequence Beauty & the base,
there's no cigar for guessing who is who;
and so without the slightest more ado,
i pen one new in honor of your grace.

I do not know if this promotes my case,
or if with you my credit doth accrue;
each verse from previous, it seems ensue,
appears to raise you to your rightful place.

Although, do i possess sufficient skill,
to chart the elegance & charm i find?

Doth quality of verse increase with time,
do i learn steps, as i perform the drill?

If i fall short, i trust you do not mind,
'twere joy to learn you liked a single rhyme.

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